Mr. Bowser, The Servant Girl, &c .- By M. Quad.

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"And now what's happened." demanded some more chicken, Mr. Bowser as he came home the other evening and found Mrs. Bowser arrang-ing the table for dinner.

eranky and left me at noon," she replied ter a couple of hours, and when ready to "You—you mean you got down on her and bounced her out without a moment's of the general store:

Mr. Bowser sulked and growled while eating the dinner, though it was a better one than usual, and it was not until Mrs. Bowser had cleared the table and was ready to sit down for the evening that he touched upon the subject again by say-

I want to talk to you a little, and I hope you will be able to keep your tem-per while I do so. You have had fifty different cooks in the last year, and the fact that none of them have remained with mething radically wrong somewhere." corrected Mrs. Bowser. "There's the book with their names written down." will be as apt to hit as to miss him. Jest give him the salts, and if you feel like

"Refused to stay on my account! Wo-

"They said you were too fussy and sick, but I didn't think he'd go

"Never!" shouted Mr. Bowser as his face and I took the salts myself." grew red in a minute. "No girl ever said those words. In order to make excuses for your helnous conduct you are resorting to prevarication. We never had a cook who didn't look upon me as a sort of to hev fits."

"I was thinking it might not have been to have taken you good-day, to hev fits." father to her. It has been your fault that they have left. You have met them with they had no souls or feelings. I've watched

air and never think of her soul? Is it of hurtin' my feelings!" nonsense for you to nag and bulldoze and threaten and browbeat until a girl doing her best is driven to take her bundle and

'Perhaps you can do better."

"I know I can."
"Then why don't you experiment?" "I will. Yes, woman, I will show you hat by proper treatment and due respect for her feelings a girl can be kept in this house for years instead of days. Why, you don't understand human nature, to begin with. If I was a working girl and you talked to me as I've heard you talk to some of the applicants I'd drown myself before I'd come to you!"

There's an advertisement for the morn ing paper," said Mrs. Bowser, "and if you'll stay home for a couple of hours and select a cook I shall be greatly oblig-

"I'll do it, and if I don't find one who'll want io stay with us as long as she lives you can set it down that your conduct has given our house a hard name. I know that other families keep girls for and years, and I'm sure we could if you used them like human beings." Mr. Bowser had a good deal more to

say before bedtime but Mrs Bowser let go on and waited for her revenge. Breakfast had scarcely been dispatched next morning before a girl arrived in answer to the ad. It was left to Mr. Bowser to welcome her, and he met her with a smile and began:

"I am glad to see you. The promptness ith which you have answered the ad. speaks well for you. What wages do you want per month?"

"How does it come that you are hiring the help?" asked the girl. "Because I think I understand them better than my wife does."

"Oh! I see. Then you are to boss the "In a general way, yes."

"Then I don't want the place! I wouldn't work where I had to take orders from a hen-hussy of a man!" She was gone before Mr. Bowser could

get out another word, but while he was wondering what ailed her a second ap 'Is the missus sick and abed?" she

queried as she got inside the door.
"Not at all," replied Mr. Bowser. "My wife has had so much trouble with servants that I thought I would do the engaging this time." But what do you know about the kitch-

en and cooking? "A good deal, my dear girl-a good deal.

"I see that it's a house where there would be trouble in no time, and I won't take the place!" said the girl as she back-ed out. Mr. Bowser felt a chill pass over but waited to hear what he had to say.
"You see," he began, "my wife and I

lem. It never seems to occur to her that the girl in the kitchen has a soul." gone he remarked: "They've got a ne "But what's a cook's soul to do with ne work?" asked the applicant.

"You-you don't exactly understand me. You have a soul, of course. You also have feelings. It must be hard enough for you to have to toll from day to day for \$16 per month, but when on top of that the woman of the house is constantly grinding you into the dust, your outraged feel-ings must-must-"

"I don't want the place!" said the girl as she started for the door. "But, my dear girl--"
"I have never worked in an insane asy-

lum, and I never shall!" she added as she There was something wrong with Mr. Bowser's system. He realized it, but he was determined to see it through. No. 4 appeared almost as soon as No. 3 had de

parted, and after a bland welcome, he 'Have you ever worked in a family where the woman treated you as if you

"No, sir," she promptly replied. family would look upon you as a human being-where your feelings would be respected-where there would be no yawnng gulf between employer and employe

"Who runs the kitchen here?" interrupted the girl, as she rose up. "Well, my wife has been running it, you know, but she has had so much trou-

ble with her girls that I have decided to "Then I wouldn't care for the place!

kitchen he'd better do the cooking as

The advertisement brought nine girls in which it would be recognized that they had souls and feelings, but in each instance, also, he was cheked off and the trail toward the Chinese camp. Two of the girls threw out hints that he had wheels in his head a third took him for a lecturer, and a fourth said she was sorry for his wife. When the ninth and last had disappeared Bowser put on his hat and started Bowser. When he came home to dinner and found a girl from the intelligence office in the kitchen he had no remarks to make. Mrs. Bowser tried to lead him With a bray of defiance the mule reared with likely and undevelopment; send for selfskwim. for his office without a word to Mrs.

around to it, but he only glared at her cross the table and helped himself to

Not a Case of Fever.

the table for dinner.

One day a miner named Bascomb came into Reed City after provisions, and af-

"Look here, Bill, I'd about forgotten "I mean nothing of the kind. She found sumthin". On the claim next to me is a cult with the range, the kitchen, the Chinyman, and he peared to me this washing, and everything else, and finally mornin to be a mighty sick heathen. I'm agin he Chinyman as a rule, but this feller seems to be purty decent, and mebbe I'd better take some medicine back with me.

"What kind of medicine?" was asked. "Dunno, but suthin' or other."
"Has he got a fever?"
"Seemed that way."

"Takin' on any?"
"Jabberin' all the time, and his eyes rollin'. I left him a dish of water."
"I think he has got the mountain fever," you over ten days shows that there is something radically wrong somewhere." "I had only five cooks in the last year," ever tell what ails a Chinyman, but salts give him the salts, and if you feel like

"I said fifty, and I know I'm right." said Mr. Bowser with emphasis. "Fifty different cooks, and your treatment of them was so outrageous that not one of them could put up with it."

Sive him the saits, and if you feel like doin' any more rub the soles of his feet with pork fat."

Bascomb went away with the saits, and it was two or three weeks before he showthem could put up with it."

"Only five, and one fell sick, one had to go home on account of death in the family, and two of the others refused to

you got the salts fur?" "Why, he was dead when I got back," was the reply. "I told you he was party

Yes, he was as dead as a herring. "Anybody find out what he died of?" "Oh, yes,

"I was thinking it might not have been

"Noap, it wasn't fever. I examined the an icy glare; you have ground them under the iron heel; you have used them as if to gin him the salts, anyhow,"

Gross Ignorance Often Masquerades in Guise of Truth. "What ailed the critter?"

you, and I've often wondered why some of the poor creatures didn't turn on you with the carving knife."
"That's all nonsense," quietly replied to git my tools, and I blazed away and driv him off. Yes, sir, he had a bullet Nonsense, is it! Is it nonsense to put right through his body, but didn't let on your heel on the neck of a girl obliged to to me, and them salts would hev bin work for her living? Is it nonsense for wasted. Curus kusses, ain't they? Didn't you to go around with your nose in the let on about the bullet in him fur fear

The King and the Truth. One day the king got the idea into his head that his courtiers might have been piling it on too much, and he therefore invited his subjects to come before him and speak the truth. One after another in long procession, they bent before him and pronounced him the greatest general, the most eminent statesman, and the wisest ruler of earth. Everything was said to flatter and increase his conceit, and he was getting to think he owned the globe when a rugged-faced peasant paused be-fore him to say: "Before speaking my mind, O, King,

I pray thee to come down on the lawn and see what I have brought." The King descended with him to behold a bee-hive with three holes bored in its

face for the bees to come and go.
"Dost dare to trifle with thy King!" demanded his highness as he saw only the

"Not on my life," replied the peasant. "You, who are so great and eminent, must know into which hole to thrust your dogn finger after honey."

the King as he advanced and performed the little trick. An hour later after the poultice

bewan to ease the pain a little and the royal physician had assured him that he would live through it, the King sent for the peasant and held up a finger as big as a baseball bat and said: "What you wanted to prove was that the wisest man has still something to

learn, and you hit me plumb-center. For the lesson thou hast taught me in the beebusiness I give thee this gold chain." "Thanks, O, King." "Don't be in a hurry. A subject may

never make a fool of his King, and for the lesson I hath taught thee in manners I'll have the boys give thee two hundred on the bare back MORAL:

"B'gosh, but suppose he'd tried a finger in every hole!" groaned the peasant as he ilmped homeward.

The Fox and the Owl.

An Owl who had a No. 1 hoot to her oice and was well content with it was loing a rushing business one night from the limb of a thorn tree when the Fox came along and halted to observe: "Ah, me, but if you could only sing like the Nightingale how many more admirers you would have!"
"But my hoot can be heard a mile fur-

ther than her notes," protested the Gwl. "Yes, I know, but there is an awful difference in the music.' Thereupon the Owl began trying to imi-

him, but he braced up and tried to look tate the Nightingale's song, but made bland as No. 3 rang the bell. The girl looked at him with doubt and suspicion, Buzzards awoke and pitched into her and drove her far away. The Fox followed on, and when he found her with tears in differ somewhat on this hired help prob- her eyes and most of her tail feathers

"They've got a new whistle over at the sawmill which can be heard four miles away. If you only had a hoot like that ou might call yourself some pumpkins."
I never tried a four-mile hoot," replies the Owl. "but I believe I can do it."

'I'm afraid you can't. "But I'll have a try at it." Thereupon the bird got a fresh hold with her toes and made such an effort that she cracked her voice and could no longer hoot at all.

Morals: "Well, good night," said the Fox as he turned away. "Twe got a touch of colic, and I wanted some one else to be miser-If you've got a good enough hoot let if

A Flash of Memory.

"Yes, I'm getting old and absent-minded." said the man who had returned to the grocery for a forgotten package had a worse sample of it than this last week, however."
"Walk into some neighbor's house?"

queried the grocer. found my false teeth missing. Wife and I hunted the house high and low for two days, but couldn't find 'em. I was beginbled them up when all at once the mys-

"You found 'em, eh?" "No, sir, but the next thing to it. I suddenly remembered that I swallowed them on the street car going home!"

He Couldn't Stand the Mule.

Black Hill one morning looking all. In each instance Mr. Bowser set the deep ravine with a creek at the bot-out to tell them that it was a place in tem was a big grizzly bear sauntering up the rough trail in our direction, and one of our old white mules plodding down the were bound to meet where the trail curved around a mass of rock, and 200 men held their breath and started with open eyes. The bear and the mule finally came head-on, and not more than ten feet separated them. The meeting astor

up, opened his mouth, and then made a spring, and right there before our eyes, with every man hooting him for his cow-ardice, the bear turned tail and ran for his life. The mule pursued, and that bear ran among the Chinamen in his conster-nation and finally tumbled into a shaft and was killed by rocks dropped down on

Wanted to Rob a Bank.

As the man entered the smoking car he ing of the dozen passengers going to get off at Scottsif any or the affirmative he sat down beside me

"Well, if you are going to get Scottsdale, I've a proposition to may you want to make \$5,000 in about fer I replied that I did, and he slapped in

on the leg and continued:
"Just the man I'm looking for. A man named Holden has just started a bank of Scottsdale. He's only got one clerk. I've looked the two men over, and I don't be-lieve they've got much sand."

"But what has their sand got to do with it?" I asked.

"You say?"
"I beg to be excused."
"Don't want to go into it, eh?"

'No. sir."
"Well, that's all right. There's the \$10,-"well, that's all right. There's the \$405-900 waiting to be picked up, and two good men could do it in a few minutes, but if you are constitutionally opposed it's no use to waste any more breath. I just put it to you as a business proposition,

"And you don't take offense?" "That's right. It was for you to come or stay out. You decide to stay out. I tet some one else, and we carry the thing brough and the goose hangs high. Sorry on have taken up your time, and I wish ou good-day."

QUEER MEDICAL THEORIES.

are the worn-out subjects of the satirist and of the dreary comic paper. Now, identically the same law holds in regard o nations, and whenever a new nation is uddenly relieved of restraint and tute-

suddenly relieved of restraint and tute-lage then at once arises economic topsy-turveydom, a legislative and administrative opera bounge which is the delight of laughers, at least until the time of bill-paying arrives. These tendencies are accentuated even to farcicalness when unlimited material prosperity puts power into the hands of irresponsible ignorance. Beyond all question a nation may become hysteric or monomaniac as exactly and as literally as does an individual. The economic and social experiments and intoxications which we as a nation have gone through with and are still bent on trying would amuse the Olympians tired of Aristophanes. The distinguished characteristics of this craziness is the most profound ignorance of a fact or science, coupled with the most cocksure dogmatism, about it.

The fact illustrates our patients payedness and had a fine head for business. He managed all the affairs pertaining to his mother's large estate for business metherly habits, and had a fine head for business. He managed all the affairs pertaining to his mother's large estates for business are accentuated even to farcicalness when unlimited material prosperity puts power into the hands of irresponsible ignorance. Beyond all question a nation may become twenty miles outside of the city where he lived, and did a large and thriving trade in cattle on his own account. This business required him to make frequent and lengthy trips to all parts of Mexico, even the wildest and most remove the wildest and

coupled with the most cocksure dogmatism, about it.

The fact illustrates our national psychologic danger, and is accurately analogized by the spawn of medical crankeries we are so actively engaged in bringing forth. We have here the same gross ignorance masquerading as truth. Men without the faintest knowledge of a single anatomic, physiologic, or medical fact are all over the land asserting with imperturbable dogmatism and egotism their possession of all knowledge. In every city there are hundreds and the country is filling with them. We have long been gathering a findian country.

"Being upon a journey one autumn amid the mountains of Michoacan, the somewhat eccentric itinerary of the don brought hira one evening to a wild and nearly unknown portion of the province, where he had heard there were some fine cattle to be cheaply bought from the Indians, who were the sole dwellers in that region. Upon arriving, he elected to pitch camp for the night in a small and uninhabited valley just on the edge of the lindian country.

"This time the whole country us in a ferment. To add to the uprear, Juan Lobo stopped a treasure-train belonging to the government, near Guadalajara, and made away with the entire spoils. This was a day or so after the murder of Senora Fonseca, and the presence of the bandit in the vicinity credited him with the commission of both misdeeds.

"Don Garcia rode post-haste to the city after the officers of the law, and was just in time to join a detachment of dragoons where the sole where the sole dwellers in that region. Upon arriving, he elected to pitch and the country is filling with the commission of both misdeeds. hundreds and the country is filling with them. We have long been gathering a library of crank literature. One who has not investigated the subject has not a faint conception of the extent and degree of redical crankery. We judge that hundreds of volumes, hundreds of journals, and thousands of pamphlets are annually issued in the United States only describable by this term. Institutions, offices, journals, &c., multiply, wax big, and then slowly or suddenly die out, only to be supplanted by fresh growths, slightly variplanted by fresh growths, slightly ant, though essentially the same. It ant, though essentially the same. It is a strange phenomenon, and we greatly fear the facts are being missed by the historian. Morbid national psychology is not generally studied until the sorry facts have been long buried in oblivion. We await the historian of American medical crankery.

Americans in South Africa. From Collier's Weekly. The war in South Africa will cause less of millions of dollars to American Upon the bess of millons of dollars to American manufacturers, whose commercial relations with that country have been steadily growing in volume for many years. Ever since the tension between the two governments began the business has been decreasing, and since war was declared it has practically suspended. Even if the war should continue only six months, and it may not end for a year, it will require another year for business relations to be firmly re-established, so that American manufacturers will lose a year's volume of trade, at the very least, because two diplomats were unable to agree. America's trade with South Africa last year was estimated at about \$30,000,000, and before the British demands were made the indications were that the United States would this year draw fully \$10,000,000 more. Naturally, the British army will require great quantities of canned meats and provisions in this war, but as these necessities were purchased here in times of peace, no great increase in the volume of business can be expected from that source.

Upon the lava-stone was deeply graven the queer device of a dead or withered hand of over life-size. The grewsome carving portrayed the fleshless member with the palm open, and the fingers spread and curving upward. The exact gesture one would use in invoking a blessing or a curse was suggested by the graven hand. The art shown in the work was wonderful—no anatomical sculptor could have done better. Just beneath the hand were some odd hieroglyphics, which the device, and was as equally puzzled by the inscription. After supper, having ordered the tents to be set up near by, the don lay down on the turf just under the arch, with his attendants grouped about him, and employed himself in puffing upon a huge cigar.

"He was abruptly aroused from his musings upon the ruins by the approach manufacturers, whose commercial rela-

SLEEP, LI'L CHILE.

Der night am long an' de col' win' rost, Sleep, li'l chile, go sleep! Your pappy he doan' come home no more, we Sleep, li'l chile, go sleep! I wonder he see us all alone, Wif nuûn to cat except a bone; An' do he hear yo' mammy moan! Sleep, li'l chile, go sleep!

De stars am hid an' de sky am black! Sleep, li'l chile, go sleep! Yo' father am gone an' he doan come back, Sleep, li'l chile, go sleep! He say "good-bye!" an' he gone erway Till comes dat everlastin' day n' it seems sech a long, long while to stay! Sleep, li'l chile, go sleep!

De trees dey ben' an' de branches break, Sleep, li'l chile, go sleep! Mah heart ben', too, an' it ache an' ache, Sleep, li'l chile, go sleep! I reckon ef pappy looks down below He say, 'Mistah dod, please le'me go: Kase mah wife an' chile dey needs me so!' Sleep, li'l chile, go sleep! GEORGE V. HOBART.

"Experience Is the Best Teacher." "Experience Is the Best Teacher."

We must be willing to learn from the experience of other people. Every testimonial in favor of Hood's Sarsaparilla is the voice of experience to you, and it is your duty, if your blood is impure and your health failing, to take this medicine. You have every reason to expect that it will do for you what it has done for others. It is the best medicine money can buy.

Hood's Pills are non-irritating, mild, ef-

When I say I cure I do not mean merely to What we saw from our miners' camp at stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. 'Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office.

Prof. W.H. PEEKE, F D., 4 Cedar St., N.Y.

HOUSE OF A DEAD HAND

Weird Tale of Vengeance by an Alleged Demon.

FOLK-LORE STORY OF MEXICO

ductive of Strange Romances, Turns Out Which Belongs to the Marvelous-A - anch Don, Who Took a Curious Stone from Sacred Ruins, Pursued by Invisible Assassius and Finally Killed. "In my humble estimation, Mexico

the inmost sprine of the spirit of ro-mance," remarked Mr. William Morancy, "Why, I propose that we hold up the bank. It only needs two of us. When we go in you stand by the door and keep folks out, and I'll take care of Holden and his clerk. If I'm not greatly mistaken, they'll hand over all the cash the minute I shove a revolver under their noses. It'll be a haul of \$10,000 at least, and we'll divide on the square. What do you say?"

"It is out of my opulent experience that I award this honor to the land of Montezura. I know its people, language, his offer and customs to a deep degree. Gry, and customs to a deep degree.
Aside from the brilliant showing Mexico makes from a mere material standpoint, I want to say right here that there is

"No, sir."
"It's a dead sure thing that we'll divide the ten thousand dollars, and I can't see what better thing you want. It won't take over half an hour."
"But I'm constitutionally opposed to robbing banks." I replied.
"Oh, I see. Never taken a hand in the business." won't hear to anything uncanny about Mexico, outside of musty chronicles, but wait until the twilight hour is upon you, and you will swear that from peak to peak and coast to coast the ancient empire of the Aztec is the roosting place for phantasies, as well as the cradle of all which is gorgeous but bizarre in flesh

"To illustrate Mexican romance where it merges into the occult, I will tell you the story of the House of the Dead Hand. You are the devil himself, if you can tell where the fact leaves off and the fancy begins. The story was told me by a high ecclesiastic of the Catholic Church in Mexico City. The narrator was a man of sterling reliability, and his tale was corroborated by the statements of severa other people of good standing.

Old and Wealthy Family.

"About the middle of the last century There is a type of character or characterlessness that springs up in people from there dwelt near the city of Guadalajara, in Southern Verying a well-known and whom the restraints of tyranny, law, or custom have suddenly been taken. The doings of the countryman in the city, of alluded to. These were the widowed Sethe traveler abroad, the excesses of the brand-new atheist or of the fortune-getter nora Fonseca, her two children, Don Garcia and Donna Laura, and a niece. The family were of aristocratic Spanish origin and moved in the best social circles. Don Garcia was a young man of about thirty, and was noted for his kind and jovial disposition. He was, however, of exemplary habits, and had a fine head

"Being upon a journey one autumn

Indian country. "The valley, which was utterly unknown to the don and his party, proved of rare interest, being strewn with imposing ruins, which covered an expanse of about two miles in width by nine in length. The little valley seemed to have been the site of a rich but meagerly populated which seemed to have been founded in the time of the Toltecs, being later sub

Device of a Withered Hand.

"In the heart of the town Don Garcia came upon the remains of a highly decorated and massive building. Whether the ruins of a temple, palace, or treasury, it was no longer possible to say. The arch of the main entrance, however, still stood and the keystone of the edifice was a triangular block of some igneous stone, weighing, perhaps, some eighty pounds. Upon the lava-stone was deeply graven

"He was abruptly aroused from his

musings upon the ruins by the approach of a number of Indians, who evinced by their manner that they were in a state of great excitement. The don, who was widely and greatly popular among the Indians, rose, and, speaking in their own lingo, inquired what it was they desired. 'The chief of the new-comers proceeded to inform Don Garcia that his was the object of their intrusion. With a tone of intense horror, and speaking ehemently, he implored the senor to change the site of his camp, which lay but a few feet from the arch. "These ruins are haunted after nightfall, senor, 'For a thousand years and more, a temple stood here, wherein dwelt an evi spirit, the cacique over ten thousand devils. The temple is no more, the spirit abides elsewhere, but above your head lies the seal of the power, for which our fathers worshiped him. He returns from time to time to mourn over these ruins and hates him who dares to descrate them. Pitch your tents at least a hundred yards away, and forbear to prowl smid these fallen walls and pillars."

Don Garcia Takes the Stone.

"Just to oblige the Indians, who waited to see if there was any likelihood of their warning being slighted, Don Garcia, who orders to recamp about a quarter of a mile off. The Indians, being thanked by the politic don, then departed in fine hu-mor, jingling some coins which he had forced upon them. The night passed without event, and in the morning, Don Gar-ia resumed his exploration of the ruined emple with more fervor than ever. After ain attempts to find any secreted treasires, or to read the inscription on the stone, the desire seized him to transport this relic to his home, where he might 'His half-breed servants who had he

infected by the tale of the Indian, were filled with alarm when their master spoke of his plan, and earnestly besought him not to attempt the sacrilege. This was to no avail. Don Garcia seemed to be oddly obstinate in his resolve to possess the stone of the dead hand. He forthwith nt to the nearest town for the needful means for its displacement and transpor-tation. The affair was carried through with, despite the renewed remonstrances of the Indians, who collected in great with, despite the renewed remonstrances of the Indians, who collected in great throngs, and the stone was conveyed to the country house of Don Garcia's people, near Guadalajara. The Fonseca fam-factured by Dr. J. B. Siegert for his private use. Their reputation the country house of Don Garcia's people, near Guadalajara. The Fonseca fam-factured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sona

ily, who all happened to be some for the season, warmly congrationed bon Garcia when he arrived, when he's rare piece of baggage. The family were all pretty much of the same mental caliber, and cracked lots of jokes on the creditity of the Indians. Finally, an idea struck the don that the stone of the dead hand would be a brilliant addition to the fa-cade of the villa. The furthy cagerly concurring, masons were ant for, and the stone was established in the masonry, just over the front portal.

Scene of Two Murders.

"About a month after this episode wave of horror swept over the fair old town of Guadalajara when it was learned that the Villa Fonseca had been the cene of two frightful murders. It seem that one balmy evening, just after supper, Don Garcia was strolling up and down the spacious lawns of the villa amusing himself, as was his custom, by firing at the big bats which fluttered about in the dusk. Suddenly a woman's shriek, loud and long, like that of a per son in a mortal agony of terror, rose from the deaths of the flower garden ad-joining the villa, which was about a hundred yards away from where the don was standing. The don lowered his pistol in consternation. As he did so a second burst out upon the sylvan silences of the hills. The blood fairly curdled in Don Garcia's veins. With his uncocked pistol in hand, he dashed madly toward the villa. He got there just in time to join the greater part of the numerous household, who were rushing with one accord pell mell into the garden. After some warch amid the rambling and romantic paths, they came upon the corpse of the sister of Don Garcia lying just beneath a mam-moth rose bush. About a dozen feet far-ther on they found a second dead body, which was that of the niece of Senora Fonseca. The two girls, who were both young and lovely, had been strangled to death by some foul but powerful hand. No other traces of violence could b found on their persons. The murderer must have had enormous strength for the necks of both of the victims were found to be actually broken. The size and shape of some finger prints which were found on the fair white throats led the horrified witnesses to believe that no hu man hand had done the deed. The house hold quickly armed to the teeth, and a rigid search was instituted for the assas sin in every part of the premises and the

No Clew to the Assassin.

"The search was vain. No trace of the evil-doer was ever found. The authorship of the outrage, however, was attributed to a certain notorious bandit by the name of Juan Lobo, who had been harry ing the country within ten miles or so of the Villa Fonseca about six months before. The fact that there had clearly been no attempt at robbery was puzzling to many, for some costly jewelry which the murdered maidens wore had been left intact. Juan Lobo, however, was capable of doing anything just to appease his hatred of the rich Spanish element, and the deed was credited as one of his fou caprices, in spite of the murmurs of the natives, who hinted that a demon had broken loose in the land. "The grief-stricken household of the villa

which had been ordered out after Lobo. The chase, however, was fruitless, for the bandit had made good his escape to the northern mountains. "Don Garcia was compelled to give his plans for a dire vengeance on Lobo

town, his terrible griefs, he closed up the villa at once and sought relief in a journey to Spain, where he remained a year.

Crimes Attributed to a Demon. "In the meanwhile, grave doubts began to agitate the public mind as to the origin of the mysterious murders. These were at the first chiefly set on foot by certain weird and persistent mutterings of the tain that the Fonseca family had been had long been a fearful factor in the religious faith of their forefathers. They spread the story of Don Garcia's sacrilege far and wide and many accepted it To clinch the matter, it was claimed that supernatural phenomena were visible nightly at the deserted villa, and the whole country-side fell into a state of

"While in Spain Don Garcia received a letter from home stating that Juan Lobo had emerged from his lair and had again been hovering about his former haunts. A wild thirst for vengeance again seized embarking for Mex.co, resolving, if po

sible, to run the outlaw to earth. "Upon getting home, Don Garcia collected a band of trusty followers and rode out to the villa, where he established his beadquarters, having heard that the bandft was lurking in the hills some few

"The night after the arrival of Don Garcia his followers were roused from their slumbers by a series of fearful outcries, which came from the don's cham-Seizing their weapons and without pausing to dress, the men hurried to th

Imprint of Bloody Fingers.

"To their utmost horror they found Don Garcia lying dead upon the floor. He had been strangled, but in addition, his body was a mass of wounds and had been partly dismembered. There was no sign of the murderer to be found save the bloody imprint of monstrous fingers on the white wall of the chamber. The only window in the room, and a second door, were firmly fastened from the inside. The door by which the men entered they had been compelled to burst open. Thus no exit for a mortal assassin was apparent. With a sudden access of hideous fear the men gasped out, 'El diable esta con nosotros' and fled from the house out into th

"It is but fair to Juan Lobo to state that upon being captured by the authorities a short time after this he proved to the satisfaction of all his entire inno cence in regard to the Fonseca murders though he was promptly hanged for high

"After this period the villa fell into such evil repute that the church took a hand in the matter. Upon the inherit-ance of the property by a remote rela-tive of the family, the superstitious and devout young heir was easily persuaded by the bishop of the diocese to have the villa razed. This was done amid the exorcisms of priests and the sprinkling of holy water, and the stone of the dead hand was rolled into a deep pit and buried from sight. No evil co from sight. No evil consequences are known to have followed this last undertaking. At all events, the demon has slumbered for a century and a half."

From the Chicago Tribure.

"Ah, here is my friend the dodo," affably spoke, the J. Fenimore Cooper Indian. "We can sympathize with each other, friend Dodo. We are both extinct." "There can be no sympathy between us," coldly replied the dodo, turning its tail feathers on the other shade, "I really existed once, and you never did."

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SWORDS FOR MACARTHUR AND KING.

Citizens of Milwaukee Make Gifts to Two of the Fighting Generals. Milwaukee, Wis., Nov. 4.-Maj. Gen. Arthur MacArthur, now doing duty in the war against the Filipinos, and Brig. Gen. Charles King, who was mustered out of the service in August last, were to-day

Commercial-

which was contributed, through the Mil-waukee Journal, by the citizens of Milwaukee, of the chamber of commerce, Thomas H Bowles being master of ceremonies, Gov Edward Scofield presented the sword for Gen. MacArthur, which was received for him by Gen. F. C. Winkler. Gen. MacArthur wired his acceptance in the following

made the recipients of beautiful swords

the gifts being purchased by a large fund

cablegram: I accept with affectionate greetings to subscrib Gen. King was present and received his

sword from James G. Flanders, who made the presentation. Gen. King responded in

a few appropriate remarks. The ceremonies ended with an address by Gen Thomas M. Anderson, U. S. A., coing the Department of the Lakes.

From the Detroit Free Press.
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